DEITY:

A

POEM.

1608/696.

Ὅτι ἐξ αὐτοῦ, καὶ δι' αὐτοῦ, καὶ εἰς αὐτὸν, τὰ πάντα, αὐτῷ ἡ δόξα εἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας. ἀμήν.

Rom. xi. 36.

B. BOYSE (SAMUEL)

DUBLIN:

Printed by R. JAMES, at *Newton's Head*, in *Dame-ſtreet*, oppoſite *Sycamore-Alley*, 1749.

DEITY:

A

POEM.

BRITISH MUSEUM
30 NOV 89

DEITY:

A

POEM.

FROM earth's low proſpects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's dreams,
The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the falſe joys miſtaken man purſues,
The ſchemes of ſcience, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleaſing follies of the Nine!
Recall, fond Bard, thy long-inchanted ſight,
Deluded with the viſionary light!
A nobler theme demands thy ſacred ſong,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!
A theme! that ſhould the nobleſt warmth impart
To animate the Soul, and warm the Heart!

BUT oh, alas! unhallow'd and profane,
How ſhalt thou dare to raiſe the heav'nly ſtrain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Iſaiah's tuneful lips did once inſpire,

Come to my aid, celeſtial SPIRIT, come:
From my dark mind diſpel the dubious gloom;
My paſſions ſtill, my purer breaſt inflame,
To ſing that GOD from whom exiſtence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

WHENCE ſprung this glorious frame? or whence aroſe
The various forms the Univerſe compoſe?
From what Almighty Cauſe, what myſtic ſprings
Shall we derive the origin of things?
Sing heav'nly GUIDE! whoſe all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reaſon, by thy ſacred dictates taught,
Adores a Pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

FIRST Cauſe of cauſes! Sire ſupreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whoſe Word from nothing call'd this beauteous whole,
This wide-expanded all from pole to pole!
Who ſhall preſcribe the boundary to Thee?
Or fix the æra of ETERNITY!

SHOULD we, deceiv'd by error's ſceptic glaſs,
Admit the thought abſurd—that NOTHING was!
Thence would this wild, this falſe concluſion flow,
That NOTHING rais'd this beauteous ALL below!
When from diſcloſing darkneſs ſplendor breaks,
Aſſociate atoms move, and matter ſpeaks!
When non-exiſtence burſts its cloſe diſguiſe,
How blind are mortals?—not to own the ſkies!

30 68 NOV

If one vaſt void eternal held its place,
Whence ſtarted Time? or whence expanded Space!
What gave the ſlumb'ring maſs to feel a change?
Or bid conſenting worlds harmonious range!
Could nothing link the univerſal chain?
No, 'tis impoſſible, abſurd and vain!
Here Reaſon its eternal AUTHOR finds,
The whole who regulates, unites and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive CHAOS ſleeps in dull repoſe,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler ſource thoſe pow'rs etherial ſhow,
By which we think, deſign, reflect and know;
Theſe from a cauſe ſuperior date their riſe,
" Abſtract in eſſence from material tyes."
An origin immortal, as ſupreme,
From whoſe pure day, celeſtial rays! they came:
In whom all poſſible perfections ſhine,
Eternal, ſelf-exiſtent, and divine!
FROM this great ſpring of uncreated might!
This all-reſplendent orb of vital light!
Whence all created beings take their riſe,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the ſkies!
Profuſely-wide, the boundleſs bleſſings flow,
Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds below!
Which are no leſs, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th' ETERNAL MIND!
HENCE triumphs Truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend, and ſhrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—muſt ſurely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himſelf his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his ſpace immenſe!

And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er begun, nor e'er ſhall end.
In him from whom exiſtence boundleſs flows,
Let humble Faith its ſacred truſt repoſe;
Aſſur'd, on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal friend!"
Within that myſtic circle ſafety ſeek,
No time can weaken, and no force can break;
And, loſt in adoration, breath his praiſe,
High rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the ſpring of life and thought!
Eternal, ſelf-deriv'd, and unbegot!
Approach, celeſtial Muſe! th' empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th' exalted One!
In nature pure, in place ſupremely free,
And happy in eſſential unity!
Bleſs'd in himſelf, had from his forming hand,
No creatures ſprung to hail his wide command:
Bleſs'd, had the ſacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundleſs ſea of bliſs, that knows no ſhore!
Nor ſenſe can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reaſon two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild *Manichean* own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill ſubſide!
Again, would vanquiſh'd *Arimanius* bleed,
And darkneſs from prevailing light recede!
In diff'rent individuals we find,
An evident diſparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thouſand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains.

But

But ſhould two Beings, equally ſupreme,
Divided pow'r, and parted empire claim;
How ſoon would univerſal order ceaſe!
How ſoon would diſcord harmony diſplace?
Eternal ſchemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, ſupported by eternal might?
Where each would uncontrol'd his aim purſue,
The links diſſever, or the chain renew;
Matter from motion croſs impreſſions take,
As ſerv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral CHAOS, from his deep receſs,
Would view the never-ending ſtrife increaſe,
And bleſs the conteſt which ſecur'd his peace!
Or new creations would oppoſing riſe,
With elemental war to blot the ſkies!
And round wild uproar and confuſion hurl'd,
Would veil the heav'ns, and waſte the ruin'd world.
Two independent cauſes to admit,
Deſtroys religion, and debaſes wit;
The firſt by ſuch an anarchy undone,
The laſt acknowledges its ſource but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous thro' the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their ſpring, one courſe they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!
EXALTED POW'R! inviſible, ſupreme,
Thou ſov'reign, ſole unutterable NAME!
As round thy throne thy flaming ſeraphs ſtand,
And as they touch the lyre with trembling hand,
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes infold;
Tranſported with the ardors of thy praiſe,
Tho holy! holy! holy! anthem raiſe!!

To them, reſponſive, let creation ſing,
Thee, indiviſible eternal king!

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O SAY, celeſtial Muſe! whoſe purer birth,
Diſdains the low material tyes of earth!
By what bright images ſhall be defin'd
The myſtic nature of th' eternal Mind?
Or how ſhall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reaſon can—is to adore!
THAT GOD's an immaterial eſſence pure,
Whom figure can't deſcribe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of paſſions, impulſe, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth ſevere:
Unmix'd his nature, and ſublim'd his pow'rs,
From all the groſs allay which tempers ours;
In whoſe clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear ſuffus'd with imperfection's ſtain!
Impervious to the man's—or ſeraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high!
Him would in vain material ſemblance feign,
Or figur'd ſhrines the boundleſs GOD contain;
Object of faith!—he ſhuns the view of Senſe,
Loſt in the blaze of ſightleſs excellence!
Moſt perfect, moſt intelligent, moſt wiſe,
In whom the ſanctity of pureneſs lies;
In whoſe adjuſting mind the whole is wrought,
Whoſe form is ſpirit, and whoſe eſſence thought!
Are truths inſcrib'd by WISDOM's brighteſt ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!
REASON confeſs'd, (howe'er we may diſpute)
Fix'd boundary! diſcovers man from brute;

But

But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depreſs'd in matter, and ally'd to clay!
In forms ſuperior kindles leſs confin'd,
Whoſe dreſs is æther, and whoſe ſubſtance mind;
Yet all from Him, ſupreme of Cauſes, flow,
To Him their pow'rs and their exiſtence owe;
From the bright cherub of the nobleſt birth,
To the poor reaſoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to ſpirit ſtill aſcend,
Thro' ſpirit ſtill refining, higher tend;
Purſue, on knowledge bent, the pathleſs road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in queſt of GOD!
Still from thy ſearch, the centre ſtill ſhall fly,
Approaching ſtill—thou never ſhalt come nigh;
So its bright orb, th' aſpiring flame would join,
But the vaſt diſtance mocks the fond deſign.

If He Almighty! whoſe decree is fate,
Could, to diſplay his pow'r, ſubvert his ſtate;
Bid from his plaſtic hand a greater riſe,
Produce a Maſter! and reſign his ſkies?
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The myſtic number of th' Eternal Name!
Then might revolting reaſon's feeble ray,
Aſpire to queſtion GOD's all-perfect day!
Vain taſk! the clay in the directing hand,
The reaſon of its form might ſo demand,
As man preſume to queſtion his diſpoſe,
From whom the power, he thus abuſes, flows.

Here point, fair *Muſe!* the worſhip GOD requires,
The ſoul inflam'd with chaſte and holy fires!
Where love celeſtial warms the happy breaſt,
Where from ſincerity the thought's expreſs'd:

Where

Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Reconſecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames, the living altars glow,
And GOD deſcends to viſit man below!

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

THRO' the unmeaſurable tracts of ſpace,
Go, *Muſe* divine! and preſent Godhead trace!
See where by place, uncircumſcrib'd as time,
He reigns extended, and he ſhines ſublime!
Should'ſt thou above the heav'n of heav'ns aſcend,
Could'ſt thou below the depth of depths deſcend;
Could thy fond flight beyond the ſtarry ſphere,
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!
There ſhould his brighter preſence ſhine confeſs'd,
There his almighty arm thy courſe arreſt!
Could'ſt thou the thickeſt veil of night aſſume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patient to his piercing ſight,
Darkneſs itſelf would kindle into light:
Not the black manſions of the ſilent grave,
Nor darker hell from his perception ſave;
What pow'r, alas! thy Footſteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipreſent day?
IN his wide graſp, and comprehenſive eye,
Immediate, worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Syſtems inclos'd in his *Idea* roll,
Whoſe all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his view, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that ſight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footſtool fix'd, in heav'n his ſeat;
Enthron'd he dictates—and his word is *Fate*.

NOR

Nor want his ſhining images below,
In ſtreams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His ſpirit broods along the boundleſs flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whiſpers in the wood;
Warms in the genial ſun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!
Steals on our footſteps whereſoe'er we go,
And yields the pureſt Joys we taſte below.

Should man his great immenſity deny,
Man might as well uſurp the vacant ſky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;
His Knowledge, Pow'r, his Goodneſs all confin'd,
And loſt the notion of a ruling *Mind!*
Feeble the truſt, and comfortleſs the ſenſe,
Of a defective partial Providence!
Boldly might then his arm injuſtice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift its hopeleſs eye!
And deep diſtreſs pour out the heartleſs ſigh!
An abſent GOD no abler to defend
Protect, or puniſh, than an abſent friend;
Diſtant alike our wants or griefs to know,
To eaſe the anguiſh, or prevent the blow!
If he, ſupreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpuniſh'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a ſecond chaos turn,
And nature for her great *Supporter* mourn!

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its ſlender texture takes;

While

While in his book the various parts inroll'd
Increasing, own eternal *Wisdom*'s mold.
Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart!
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!
Knows what we say—ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th' intention, marks the deed!
But *Conscience*, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its Author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
"And vindicates the ways of GOD to man."
Then sacred *Muse*, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From heav'n descended, as by heav'n inspir'd;
His all-enlight'ning *Omnipresence* own,
Whence first thou feels thy dwindling presence known;
His wide *Omniscience*, justly grateful sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless th' eternal—all-informing soul
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole!

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the *Eternal* and *Omniscient* Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd;
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd *Immutability!*
Change, whether the spontaneous child of *Will*,
Or birth of Force—is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Pow'r self-deriv'd, for from himself he reigns!

If

If, alter'd by conſtraint, we could ſuppoſe,
That GOD his fix'd ſtability ſhould loſe;
How ſtartles reaſon at a thought ſo ſtrange!
What Pow'r can force OMNIPOTENCE to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet-ſtranger alteration wrought;
Could excellence ſupreme, new rays acquire?
Or ſtrong perfection raiſe its glories higher!
Abſurd!—his high meridian brightneſs glows,
Never decreaſes, never overflows!
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The ſacred blaze of inexhauſtleſs day!
BELOW, thro' different forms does matter range,
And life ſubſiſts from elemental change,
Liquids condenſing ſhapes terreſtrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire diſſolves in air;
While we enquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconſtant as the ſhadows we ſurvey!
With them, along TIME's rapid current paſs,
And haſte to mingle with the parent maſs;
But Thou, ETERNAL LORD of life divine!
In youth immortal ſhalt for ever ſhine!
No change ſhall darken thy exalted Name,
From everlaſting ages ſtill the ſame!
IF GOD, like man, his purpoſe could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo;
Deſponding Faith would droop its chearleſs wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeleſs thing!
Where could we, rational, repoſe our truſt,
But in a Pow'r immutable as juſt?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If Truth unerring gave not the deſign;

Where, as in Nature's fair according plan,
All ſmiles benevolent and good to man.
PLAC'D in this narrow clouded ſpot below,
Darkly we ſee around, and darkly know!
Religion lends the ſalutary beam,
That guides our reaſon thro' the dubious gleam;
Till ſounds the hour!—when he who rules the ſkies,
Shall bid the curtain of OMNISCIENCE riſe!
Shall diſſipate the miſts that veil our ſight,
And ſhow his creatures—*all his ways are right!*
THEN when aſtoniſh'd Nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd Time ſhall know his lateſt date!
When earth ſhall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds diſſolve in fire!
The univerſal ſyſtem ſhrink away,
And ceaſing orbs confeſs th' almighty ſway!
Immortal HE, amidſt the wreck ſecure,
Shall ſit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the SACRED BUSH, ſhall ſhine the ſame,
And from the ruin raiſe a fairer frame!

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

FAR hence ye viſionary charming Maids,
Ye fancy'd Nymphs that haunt the GRECIAN ſhades!
Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,
Your ſelves producing phantoms as untrue;
But come, ſuperior MUSE! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whoſe offspring ſtill are light;
Oh condeſcend, celeſtial ſacred gueſt!
To purge my ſight, and conſecrate my breaſt;
While I preſume OMNIPOTENCE to trace,
And ſing that Pow'r, who peopl'd boundleſs ſpace!

THOU

THOU preſent wert, when forth th' ALMIGHTY rode!
While Chaos trembled at the Voice of GOD!
Thou ſaw, when o'er th' immenſe his line he drew,
When Nothing from his Word exiſtence knew!
His *Word*, that wak'd to life the vaſt profound,
While conſcious Light was kindl'd at the ſound!
Creation fair! ſurpriz'd th' angelic eyes,
And ſov'reign *Wiſdom* ſaw that all was wiſe!

HIM, ſole almighty Nature's book diſplays,
Diſtinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild ſceptic his attention throw,
To the broad horizon, or earth below;
He finds thy ſoft impreſſion touch his breaſt,
He feels the GOD,—and owns him unconfeſs'd!
Should the ſtray-Pilgrim, tir'd of ſands and ſkies,
In *Libya*'s waſte behold a Palace riſe,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought?
Go, atheiſt, hence, and mend thy juſter thought!

WHAT hand, Almighty Architect! but thine
Could give the model of this vaſt deſign!
What hand but thine adjuſt th' amazing whole?
And bid conſenting ſyſtems beauteous roll!
What hand but thine ſupply the ſolar light?
For ever waſting, yet for ever bright!
What hand but thine the ſtarry train array,
Or give the moon to ſhed her borrow'd ray?
What hand but thine the azure convex ſpread?
What hand but thine trace out the ocean's bed?
To the vaſt main the ſandy barrier throw,
And with that feeble curb reſtrain the foe!
What hand but thine the wintry flood aſſwage,
Or ſtop the tempeſt in its wildeſt rage!

THEE infinite! what finite can explore?
Imagination ſinks beneath thy pow'r;
Thee could the ableſt of thy creatures know,
Loſt were thy Unity, for he were Thou!
Yet preſent to all ſenſe thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in Nature, Nature's Author reigns!
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou every where art preſent to the eye!
The ſenſe how ſtupid, and the ſight how blind,
That fails this univerſal truth to find?
Go!—all the ſightleſs realms of ſpace ſurvey,
Returning trace the *Planetary Way!*
The ſun that in his central glory ſhines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines;
Then at our intermediate globe repoſe,
And view yon lunar Satellite that glows!
Or caſt along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the ſky;
Around behold earth's variegated ſcene,
The mingling proſpects, and the flow'ry green;
The mountain brow, the long extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood!
And ſay are theſe the wild effects of chance?
Oh ſtrange effect of reas'ning ignorance!
NOR pow'r alone confeſs'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet, or the painted ſkies!
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dreſs,
The wiſdom of OMNIPOTENCE confeſs;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous maſs,
With the ſmall inſect in the crouded graſs;
The mite that gambols in its acid ſea,
In ſhape a porpus, tho' a ſpeck to thee!

Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb ſurrounds,
A living world, thy failing ſight confounds!
To him a peopled habitation ſhows,
Where millions taſte the bounty GOD beſtows!
GREAT Lord of life, whoſe all-controling might,
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming ſhine,
But to annihilate, dread King! is thine.
Shouldſt thou withdraw thy ſtill-ſupporting hand,
How languid Nature would aſtoniſh'd ſtand!
Thy frown Night's ancient Empire would reſtore,
And raiſe a blank—where ſyſtems ſmil'd before!
SEE in corruption, all-ſurpriſing ſtate,
How ſtruggling life eludes the ſtroke of fate;
Shock'd at the ſcene, tho' ſenſe averts its eye,
Nor ſtops the wond'rous proceſs to deſcry;
Yet juſter thought the myſtic change purſues,
And with delight Almighty Wiſdom views!
The brute, the vegetable world ſurveys,
Sees life ſubſiſting ev'n from life's decays!
Mark there, ſelf-taught, the penſive reptile come,
Spin his thin ſhroud, and living build his tomb!
With conſcious care his former pleaſures leave,
And dreſs him for the buſineſs of the grave!
Thence, paſs'd the ſhort-liv'd change, renew'd he ſprings,
Admires the ſkies, and tries his painted wings!
With airy flight the inſect roves abroad,
And ſcorns the meaner earth he lately trod!
THEE, potent, let deliver'd *Iſrael* praiſe,
And to thy Name their grateful homage raiſe!
Thee potent GOD! let *Egypt*'s land declare,
Which felt thy juſtice, awfully ſevere!

How did thy frown benight the ſhadow'd land?
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command?
When jarring elements their uſe forgot,
And the ſun felt thy overcaſting blot!
When earth produc'd the peſtilential brood
And the foul ſtream was crimſon'd into blood!
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How ſtrong the terror, and how wild the fright!
When o'er the land thy ſword vindictive paſt,
And men and infants breath'd at once their laſt!
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey!
Thy light conducting, point th' amazing way?
Obedient Ocean to their march divide,
The wat'ry wall diſtinct on either ſide;
While thro' the deep the long proceſſion led,
And ſaw the wonders of the oozy bed!
Nor long they march'd, till black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his hoſt appear;
Plunge down the deep,—the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning ſtorm beneath the ſea!
Nor yet thy pow'r thy choſen train forſook,
When thro' *Arabia*'s ſands their way they took;
By day thy *Cloud* was preſent to the ſight,
Thy fiery *pillar* led the march by night;
Thy hand amidſt the waſte their table ſpread,
With feather'd viands, and with *Heav'nly* bread:
When the dry wilderneſs no ſtreams ſupply'd,
Guſh'd from the yielding rock the vital tide!
What limits can OMNIPOTENCE confine?
What obſtacles reſtrain thy arm divine!
Since ſtones and waves their ſettled laws forgo,
Since ſeas can harden, and ſince rocks can flow!

On *Sinai*'s top, the *Muſe* with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would ſing,
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud diſplay'd
Involv'd the nations in its awful ſhade!
When gloomy darkneſs fill'd its midmoſt ſpace,
And the rock trembled to its rooted Baſe;
Yet where thy Majeſty divine appear'd,
Where ſhone thy Glory, and thy Voice was heard;
Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay!
Oh ſhame to thought!--Thy ſacred Throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O Thou, who when th' Almighty form'd this All,
Upheld the ſcale, and weigh'd each ballanc'd ball;
And as his hand compleated each deſign,
Number'd the work and fix'd the ſeal divine;
O Wisdom infinite! creation's ſoul,
Whoſe rays diffuſe new luſtre o'er the whole,
What tongue ſhall make Thy charms celeſtial known?
What hand, fair *Goddeſs!* paint thee but thy own?
What tho' in nature's univerſal ſtore,
Appear the wonders of Almighty pow'r?
Pow'r unattended, terror would inſpire,
Aw'd muſt we gaze, and comfortleſs admire.
But when fair Wisdom joins in the deſign,
The beauty of the whole reſults divine!
Hence life acknowledges its glorious cauſe,
And matter owns its great diſpoſer's laws;
Hence in a thouſand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now ally'd to thought;

Hence

Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence riſes harmony, and order ſprings,
Elſe had the maſs a ſhapeleſs chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of WISDOM's day!
SEE, how aſſociate round their central ſun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-diſtant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed ſphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb purſues,
While from the ſun her monthly light renews;
Breaths her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in courſe the conſtant ſeaſons riſe,
Deform the earth, or beautify the ſkies:
Firſt *Spring* advancing with her flow'ry train,
Next *Summer*'s hand that ſpreads the ſylvan ſcene,
Then *Autumn* with her yellow harveſts crown'd,
And trembling *Winter* cloſe the annual round.
The vegetable tribes obſervant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping graſs:
The chain of animated beings ſcale,
From the ſmall reptile to th' enormous whale;
From the ſtrong eagle ſtooping from the ſkies,
To the low inſect that eſcapes thy eyes!
And ſee, if ſee thou can'ſt, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal WISDOM ſhine confeſs'd the ſame:
As proper organs to the leaſt aſſign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind;
As juſt the ſtructure and as wiſe the plan,
As in this lord of all—debating man!
HENCE, reas'ning creature, thy diſtinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of heav'n be blind.

WISDOM in outward beauty ſtrikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air or ſeas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to pleaſe?
Oh ſay, in whom does beauty's ſelf reſide,
The BEAUTIFIER, or the beautify'd?
There dwells the GODHEAD in the bright diſguiſe,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes!
His works our love, and our attention ſteal,
His works (ſurprizing thought) the Maker veil;
Too weak our ſight to pierce the radiant cloud,
Where WISDOM ſhines, in all her charms avow'd!
O gracious GOD! omnipotent and wiſe,
Unerring LORD, and ruler of the ſkies;
All-condeſcending to my feeble heart,
One beam of thy celeſtial light impart;
I ſeek not ſordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r,
O grant me Wiſdom—and I aſk no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from ſome level country's ſhelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green incloſures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a tranſient viſta as it ſtrays!
The pilgrim to ſome riſing ſummit tends,
Whence opens all the ſcene as he aſcends:
So PROVIDENCE the friendly point ſupplies,
Where all the charms of DEITY ſurprize;
Here GOODNESS, POWER and WISDOM all unite,
And dazzling GLORIES whelm the raviſh'd ſight!
ALMIGHTY CAUSE! 'tis thy preſerving care,
That keeps thy works for ever freſh and fair!

The

The ſun from thy ſuperior radiance bright,
Eternal ſheds his delegated light,
Lends to his ſiſter orb inferior day,
And paints the ſilver moon's alternate ray;
Thy hand the waſte of eating Time renews,
Thou ſhed'ſt the tepid morning's balmy dews;
When raging Winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy ſpirit rides commiſſion'd in the ſtorm;
Bids at thy will the ſlack'ning tempeſt ceaſe,
While the calm'd ocean ſmooths its ruffled face;
When light'nings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is looſen'd to deſtroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aſide the ſtroke,
Thy word the fatal Edict can revoke;
When ſubterraneous fires the ſurface heave,
And towns are bury'd in one common grave;
Thou ſuffer'ſt not the miſchief to prevail,
Thy ſov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To *Zembla*'s rocks thou ſend'ſt the chearful gleam;
O'er *Libya*'s ſands thou pour'ſt the cooling ſtream;
Thy watchful PROVIDENCE o'er all intends,
Thy work's obey their great Creator's ends.
And all the Ills we feel—or Bliſs we ſhare
Are tokens of a heav'nly Father's Care.

WHEN man too long the paths of vice purſu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the univerſal flood;
Gracious, to *Noah* gave the timely ſign,
To ſave a remnant from the wrath divine!
One ſhining waſte the globe terreſtrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled ſea;
Thou bad'ſt the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!

The

The ſkies were clear'd—the mountain tops were ſeen,
The dove pacific brought the olive-green.
On *Ararat* the happy Patriarch toſt,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had loſt;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleaſing ſcene,
The earth all verdant, and the air ſerene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark diſplay'd,
While *Noah* grateful adoration paid!
Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow,
The promiſe of a ſafer world below.
WHEN wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And riſing *Babel* heav'n with pride ſurvey'd;
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the maſs to moulder with the ground.
From the mad toil, while ſocial order ſprung
A Peopled World—diſtinct by many a Tongue.
FROM THEE all human actions take their ſprings
The riſe of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vaſt theatre of time diſplay'd,
While o'er the ſcene ſucceeding heroes tread!
With pomp the ſhining images ſucceed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy PROVIDENCE aſſign'd,
Their pride, their paſſions to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms paſs away;
No traces left of all the buſy ſcene,
But that remembrance ſays,—*The things have been!*
While learning thro' the gloom benighted ſtrays,
And the dim objects vaniſh as we gaze!
" BUT (queſtions Doubt) whence fickly nature feels
" The ague-fits her face ſo oft reveals?

" Whence

" Whence earthquakes heave the earth's aſtoniſh'd
" breaſt?
" Whence tempeſts rage? or yellow plagues infeſt?
" Whence draws rank *Afric* her empoiſon'd ſtores?
" Or liquid fires exploſive *Ætna* pours?"
Go, ſceptic mole! demand th' *Eternal Cauſe*,
The ſecret of his all-preſerving laws?
The depths of WISDOM infinite explore,
And aſk thy Maker—why thou know'ſt no more?
THY error ſtill in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.
To aſk why proſp'rous vice ſo oft ſucceeds,
Why ſuffers innocence, or virtue bleeds!
Why monſters, nature muſt with bluſhes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and diſgrace a throne!
Why ſaints and ſages, mark'd in ev'ry age,
Periſh, the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why *Socrates* for truth and freedom fell,
While *Nero* reign'd the delegate of hell:
In vain by reaſon is the maze purſu'd,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
Fix'd to the hold, ſo might the ſailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the ſteerage blame;
As we direct to GOD what ſhould belong,
Or ſay that ſov'reign WISDOM governs wrong.
NOR always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded paſs below!
Oft ſacred juſtice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th' uſurper dead;
Oft PROVIDENCE, more friendly than ſevere,
Arreſts the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an *Ammon*, *Charles*, or *Cæſar* fall:

Or when the curſed *Borgias* * brew the cup
For merit,—bids the monſters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel ſpear,
Or fetters cuming in its crafty ſnare:
Relieves the innocent, exalts the juſt,
And lays the proud oppreſſor in the duſt?
  But faſt as *Time*'s ſwift pinions can convey,
Haſtens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes,
GOD's high tribunal ſhall majeſtic riſe,
When the loud trumpet ſhall aſſemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing ſound!
Where men and angels ſhall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then ſhall fair Providence, to all diſplay'd,
Appear divinely bright without a ſhade;
In light triumphant, all her acts be ſhown,
And bluſhing Doubt, eternal Wisdom own!
  Mean while, thou great Intelligence ſupreme,
Sov'reign director of this mighty frame,
Whoſe watchful hand, and all-obſerving ken,
Faſhions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table ſpread,
Or meaſure ſparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the ſcene,
Or wants deform, and waſting anguiſh ſtain;
On thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bleſs'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their conſtant friend,
Thro' life ſhall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlaſting arms their cauſe embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

* *Pope* Alexander VI. *and his ſon* Cæſar Borgia. *See Mr.* Gordon's *Hiſtory*.

IX. GOODNESS.

YE *Seraphs* who GOD's throne incircling ſtill,
With holy zeal your golden cenſers fill;
Ye *flaming Miniſters* to diſtant lands,
Who bear, obſequious, his divine commands;
Ye *Cherubs* who compoſe the ſacred Choir,
Attuning to your voice th' angelic lyre!
Or ye *fair Natives* of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal, now a happier train!
Who ſpend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In bliſsful meads, and aramanthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one ſpark of your celeſtial fire,
Oh deign my glowing boſom to inſpire,
And aid the Muſe's unexperienc'd wing,
While GOODNESS, theme divine, ſhe ſoars to ſing!

THO' all thy attributes, divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious GOD! declare;
Yet if one beams ſuperior to the reſt,
Oh let thy GOODNESS faireſt be confeſs'd;
As ſhines the moon amidſt her ſtarry train,
As breathes the roſe amongſt the flow'ry ſcene,
As the mild dove her ſilver plumes diſplays,
So ſheds thy MERCY its diſtinguiſh'd rays.

THIS led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formleſs *Chaos* heard thy high command;
When pleas'd, thy eye thy matchleſs works review'd,
And GOODNESS, placid, ſpoke that *all was good!*

NOR only does in heav'n Thy GOODNESS ſhine,
Delighted Nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital ſun's illuminating beam,
The ſilver creſcent, and the ſtarry gleam;
As day and night, alternate they command,
Proclaim this truth to ev'ry diſtant land.

SEE

See ſmiling nature, with thy treaſures fair,
Confeſs thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by Thee, the faithful ſeaſons riſe,
And earth with plenty all her ſons ſupplies.
The generous lyon and the brindled boar,
As nightly thro' the foreſt walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, ſeek their prey,
Nor from thy hand unfed depart away:
To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preſerving eye:
From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or thoſe who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with conſtant courſe th' appointed food,
And taſte the *cup* of univerſal *Good*;
Thy hand thou open'ſt, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'ſt, they faint;——thou ſmil'ſt, and they revive!
On virtue's acre, as on rapine's ſhores,
See heav'n impartial, deal the fruitful ſhow'rs!
"Life's common bleſſings all her children ſhare,"
Tread the ſame earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without diſtinction, boundleſs bleſſings fall,
And Goodness, like the ſun, enlightens all!
Oh man, degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes, thy Maker to adore!
Shall theſe, thro' ev'ry tribe, his bounty own,
Of all his works, ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind, when ſov'reign *Goodneſs* charms the eyes!
Mark, even the wretch his awful name blaſphemes,
His pity ſpares,—his clemency reclaims!
Obſerve his patience with the guilty ſtrive,
And bid the criminal repent and live;

Recall the fugitive with gracious eye,
Beſeech the obſtinate, he would not die!
Amazing tenderneſs,—amazing moſt,
The ſoul on whom ſuch mercy ſhould be loſt!
But would'ſt thou view the rays of *Goodneſs* join,
In one ſtrong point of radiance all divine!
Behold, celeſtial *Muſe*, yon eaſtern light;
To *Beth'lem*'s plain, adoring, bend thy ſight!
Hear the glad meſſage to the ſhepherds giv'n,
" *Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n.*"
Attend the ſwains, purſue the ſtarry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the GOD!
Redemption! oh thou beauteous myſtic plan!
Thou ſalutary ſource of life to man!
What tongue can ſpeak thy comprehenſive grace!
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When loſt in ſin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful Juſtice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And ſtop the light'ning juſt prepar'd to fly!
(O ſtrange effect of unexampled love!)
View him deſcend the heav'nly throne above;
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure,
Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarſe his food,
His life one fair continu'd ſcene of good:
For us ſuſtain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal juſtice bleed!
Look to the croſs the *Lord* of life is ty'd,
They pierce his hands, and wound his ſacred ſide!
See GOD expires! our forfeit to attone,
While Nature trembles at his parting groan!

An-

ADVANCE, thou hopeleſs mortal, ſteel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou can'ſt, forbear to melt!
Shall JESUS die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuſe thy kind aſſent to give,
When breathleſs he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverſe, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good,
Bought with his life, and ſtreaming in his blood!
Whoſe virtue can thy deepeſt crimes efface,
Reheal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life attone,
And raiſe thee from a rebel—to a *ſon!*

O *Bleſt Redeemer*, from thy ſacred throne,
Where ſaints and angels ſing thy triumphs won!
When, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious head,
(Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led)
From that exalted height of bliſs ſupreme,
Look down on thoſe who bear thy *ſacred Name*;
Reſtore their ways, inſpire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy ſteps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their *morals* prove *their Faith divine!*

NOR only to thy Church confine thy ray,
O'er the glad world thy healing light diſplay;
Fair ſon of Righteouſneſs! in beauty riſe,
And clear the miſts that cloud the Heathen ſkies!
To JUDAH's remnant, now a ſcatter'd train,
Thou great MESSIAH! ſhow thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide, thy ſaving warmth diffuſe,
As ſpreads the ambient air, or falling dews,
And haſte the time when vanquiſh'd by thy pow'r,
Death ſhall expire, and ſin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

HENCE diſtant far, ye ſons of earth profane,
The looſe, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd ſlaves of ſtate,
The giddy vulgar, and the fordid great!
But come ye purer ſouls from droſs refin'd,
The blameleſs heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaſte hands the holy altars raiſe,
Freſh incenſe bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices, aid the Muſe to ſing,
The ſpotleſs *Juſtice* of th' Almighty King!
As only RECTITUDE divine he knows,
As truth and ſanctity his thought compoſe;
So theſe the dictates which th' *Eternal Mind*,
To reaſonable beings has aſſign'd;
Theſe has his care on ev'ry mind impreſs'd;
The conſcious ſeals the hand of Heav'n atteſt!
When man perverſe, for wrong forſakes the right,
He ſtill attentive keeps the fault in ſight;
Demands that ſtrict attonement ſhould be made,
And claims the forfeit on th' offender's head!
BUT Doubt demands, "Why man diſpos'd this way?
"Why left the dang'rous choice to go aſtray?
"If heav'n that made him did the fault foreſee,
"Thence follows, heav'n is more to blame than he."
No:—had to good the heart alone inclin'd,
What toil, what prize had virtue been aſſign'd?
From obſtacles her nobleſt triumphs flow,
Her ſpirits languiſh, when ſhe finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have ſo been happy ſtill,
Happy without the privilege of will,
And juſt becauſe his hands were ty'd from ill!

O won-

O wond'rous ſcheme to mend th' almighty plan,
By ſinking all the dignity of man!
YET turn thy eyes, vain Sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happineſs and choice ally'd;
See virtue from herſelf her bliſs derive,
A bliſs, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;
See vice of empire and of wealth poſſeſs'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herſelf unbleſs'd.
And ſay, were yet no farther marks aſſign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is heav'n unkind?
" YES, all the woes from heav'n permiſſive fall,
" The wretch adopts,—the wretch improves them all."
From his wild luſt, or his oppreſſive deed,
Rapes, battles, murdurs, ſacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice, famine takes her birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the ſky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw ev'n pity from th' Eternal Throne.
YET while on earth, triumphant vice prevails,
Celeſtial *Juſtice* ballances her ſcales.
With eye unbiaſs'd all the ſcene ſurveys,
With hand impartial, ev'ry crime ſhe weighs;
Oft cloſe purſuing at his trembling heels,
The *man* of *blood* her awful preſence feels;
Oft from her arm amidſt the blaze of ſtate,
The *regal tyrant*, with ſucceſs elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the *villain* paſs unpuniſh'd here,
'Tis but to make the future ſtroke ſevere;
For ſoon or late, Eternal *Juſtice* pays
Mankind the juſt deſert of all their ways.

'TIS

'Tis in that awful all-diſcloſing day!
When high *Omniſcience* ſhall her books diſplay;
When *Juſtice* ſhall preſent her ſtrict account,
While *Conſcience* ſhall atteſt the due amount;
That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of GOD!

Oh then while penitence can fate diſarm,
While ling'ring *Juſtice* yet with-holds its arm;
While heav'nly patience grants the precious time,
Let the loſt ſinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the ſeat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—leſt to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye *Sins* of blackeſt birth,
Ye *Giants* that deform the face of earth;
Tremble ye ſons of aggravated guilt,
And ere too late, let ſorrow learn to melt;
Remorſeleſs *Murder!* drop thy hand ſevere,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, *Luſt* impure! converſe with friendly light,
And quit the manſions of defiling night;
Drop, dark *Hypocriſy*, thy thin diſguiſe,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the ſkies!
Unſocial *Avarice*, thy graſp forgo,
And bid the uſeful treaſure learn to flow!
Reſtore, *Injuſtice*, the defrauded gain!
Oppreſſion, bend to eaſe the captive's chain,
Ere awful *Juſtice* ſtrike the fatal blow,
And drive you to the realms of night below!

But Doubt reſumes,—"If *Juſtice* has decreed,
"The puniſhment proportion'd to the deed;
"Eternal miſery ſeems too ſevere,
"Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
"Too harſh!—that endleſs torments ſhould repay
"The crimes of life,—the errors of a day!

In vain our reaſon would preſumptuous pry,
Heav'n's counſels are beyond conception high,
In vain would thought his meaſur'd *Juſtice* ſcan!
His ways! how different from the ways of man?
Too deep for thee, his ſecrets are to know,
Enquire not, but more wiſely ſhun the woe;
Warn'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make *Omnipotence* thy friend!

Our weaker *Laws*, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft paſs the bounds the *Law-giver* intends;
Oft partial pow'r, to ſerve its own deſign,
Warps from the *Text*, exceeding reaſon's *Line*;
Strikes, biaſs'd at the *perſon*, not the *deed*,
And ſees the guiltleſs unprotected bleed!

But GOD alone, with unimpaſſion'd ſight,
Surveys the *nice barrier* of *Wrong* and *Right*;
And while, ſubſervient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the preſent means;
While neither force, nor paſſions guide his views,
Ev'n *Evil* works the purpoſe he purſues!
That bitter ſpring, the ſource of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch does mineral health contain;
And dark affliction, quits its fearſome ſhrowd
At his command, and brightens into *Good*.

Thus human juſtice—(far as man can go)
For private ſafety ſtrikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler ſoul,
Conſults each individual in the whole!
Directs the iſſues of the moral ſtrife,
And ſees creation ſtruggle into life!

And you, ye happier ſouls! who in his ways
Obſervant walk, and ſing his daily praiſe!
Ye righteous few! whoſe calm unruffled breaſts,
No fears can darken, and no guilt infeſts;

To whom his gracious promiſes extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom ſhall end,
Which (bleſs'd on that foundation, ſure, who build)
Shall with eternal *Juſtice* be fulfill'd:
Ye ſons of life to whoſe glad hope is giv'n,
The bright reverſion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praiſe recite,
Whoſe love from darkneſs call'd you out to light;
So let your piety reflective ſhine,
As men may thence confeſs his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as ſoon it muſt,
Shall drop, returning to its native duſt;
The work of life, with approbation done,
Receive from GOD your bright immortal crown!

XI. GLORY.

But oh advent'rous *Muſe*, reſtrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whoſe glorious throne with dread ſurprize,
Th' adoring ſeraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whoſe pure effulgence, radiant to exceſs,
No colours can deſcribe, or words expreſs!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid ſtores,
Which o'er thy works thy hand reſplendent pours;
Feeble, thy brighter glories to diſplay,
Pale as the moon before the ſolar ray!
See on his throne the *Hebrew* Monarch plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant eaſt!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves, emboſs'd with gold;
Yet mark this ſcene of painted grandeur yeild,
To the fair *lilly* that adorns the field!

Obſcur'd,

Obſcur'd, behold that fainter *lilly* lies,
By the *rich bird's* * inimitable dies;
Yet theſe ſurvey, confounded and outdone,
By the ſuperior luſtre of the *ſun*;
That ſun himſelf withdraws his leſſen'd beam
From *Thee*, the glorious author of his frame!

TRANSCENDENT pow'r! ſole arbiter of fate!
How great thy glory? and thy bliſs how great,
To view from thy exalted throne above,
(Eternal ſource of light, and life, and love!)
Unnumber'd creatures draw their ſmiling birth,
To bleſs the heav'ns, or beautify the earth;
While ſyſtems roll, obedient to thy view,
And worlds rejoice—which *Newton* never knew!

THEN raiſe the ſong, the gen'ral anthem raiſe,
And ſwell the concert of eternal praiſe!
Aſſiſt ye orbs that form this boundleſs whole,
Which in the womb of ſpace unnumber'd roll;
Ye planets who compoſe our leſſer ſcheme,
And bend, concertive, round the ſolar frame;
Thou eye of nature! whoſe extenſive ray,
With endleſs charms adorns the face of day;
Conſenting raiſe th' harmonious joyful ſound,
And bear his praiſes thro' the vaſt profound:
His praiſe, ye winds that fan the chearful air,
Swift as ye paſs along your pinions bear!
His praiſe let ocean thro' her realms diſplay,
Far as her circling billows can convey!
His praiſe ye miſty vapours wide diffuſe,
In rains deſcending, or in milder dews;

His

* The *Manucodota*, or Bird of Paradiſe, ſeen in the Spice Iſlands.

His praiſes whiſper, ye majeſtic trees,
As your tops ruſtle to the vocal breeze!
His praiſe around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
Far as your ſweets embalm the ſpicy gale!
His praiſe, ye dimpled ſtreams, to earth reveal,
As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flow'ry vale.
His praiſe ye feather'd choirs diſtinguiſh'd ſing,
As to your notes the tuneful foreſts ring!
His praiſe proclaim, ye monſters of the deep,
Who in the vaſt abyſs your revels keep!
Or ye fair natives of our earthly ſcene,
Who range the wilds, or haunt the paſture green!
Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careleſs ear,
The univerſal hymn of worſhip hear!
But ardent, in the ſacred chorus join,
Thy ſoul tranſported with the taſk divine!
While by his works th' almighty is confeſs'd,
Supremely glorious, and ſupremely bleſs'd!
GREAT *Lord* of life! from whom this humble frame,
Derives the pow'r to ſing thy holy name,
Forgive the *lowly Muſe*, whoſe artleſs lay,
Has dar'd thy ſacred Attributes ſurvey!
Delighted oft thro' Nature's beauteous field,
Has ſhe ador'd thy *Wiſdom* bright reveal'd;
Oft have her wiſhes aim'd the ſecret ſong,
But awful rev'rence ſtill with-held her tongue:
Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
As feels my conſcious breaſt thy vital flame,
So, BLEST CREATOR, let thy ſervant pay
His mite of gratitude this feeble way,
Thy *Goodneſs* own, thy *Providence* adore,
He yields *thee* only—what was *thine* before!

FINIS.

1025

1030

1035

n!

1040

frame,

1045

1050

1055